Boston, August 31, 1840.

Esteemed Friend:

87

The Acadia leaves to-morrow, on her return to Liverpool. It would be unpardonable in me not to send an epistle to one, for whom I entertain the most profound respect and the strongest friendship; and to whom I am indebted, on the score of generosity, personal kindness, and anti-slavery sympathy and co-operation, far more than any return of thanks, however eloquently expressed, can ever repay.

It is impossible for me to tell you what were my feelings, on discovering that the little steamer, which brought us alongside of the Acadia in the Mersey, had returned to the dock without my knowledge — carrying you and the other dear friends, who had come so far to see us embark, entirely out of sight — perhaps never to behold each other again on earth. Dear Rogers felt as deeply as myself at this circumstance. We were so troubled in seeing to our luggage, and in ascertaining where we were to be located during the voyage, that we did not discover, till it was too late, that you had left us. I felt very unhappy about it, I assure you; and if tears of regret could have availed any thing, we should not have wept in vain. It was our intention to have given you all the last waive of our hats and handkerchiefs, and to have watched you closely till distance should hide you from our sight. What must you have thought of us! Our conduct must have seemed inexplicable. We felt very badly about our warm-hearted friend Richard D. Webb, in particular, in consequence of his having come all the way from Dublin to bid us farewell. But I will not dwell on this painful subject. Rest assured that the choice circle of friends, with whom it was our privilege to become acquainted in England, Scotland and Ireland, will never be forgotten by us, nor their names be erased from the tablets of our hearts. Heaven bless them!

You remember what sort of a place you found the "forward cabin" to be. When you left us, Rogers and myself had about come to the conclusion, that we should have to remove ourselves from the uncomfortable quarters we had selected, and take births in the "after cabin". However, though we were told that we could not associate with the other passengers, nor sit at the same table with them, if we persisted in retaining our place forward, we nevertheless resolved, as a matter of anti-slavery self-denial and economy, not to change our position. Rev. Mr. Galusha, and a gentleman belonging to Halifax, joined us; but we all found just occasion to complain of the treatment we received. You would have smiled, and perhaps felt somewhat indignant, to have seen the table that was made for us. It was merely a ~~plank~~ board, just narrow enough to hold a plate, behind which it was difficult to get access, and under which it was equally ludicrous and painful to see so tall a man as our friend Galusha attempt to crawl. The food that was served up to us was generally not fit to be eaten, and very little withal as to quantity. We were scantily supplied with fresh water; so that we could not get enough to wash our faces decently. As to towels, they were few and far between. As a dernier resort, we took a sheet, and wiped upon that, nearly all the way over the Atlantic. We complained to the head-steward of our treatment, and he promised to make it better — saying that we were entitled, substantially, to the same fare as those obtained in the after cabin — but he did not fulfil his promise. Happily, our voyage was a short one (though it seemed to us almost interminable, so anxious were we to see home, and to be delivered from such a pitiable situation) — only twelve days and a half — the shortest ever made by any other vessel. The mammoth steamer President, which sailed three days before us, did not arrive in New-York until after the arrival of the Acadia in Boston!

There were few incidents that occurred on our passage, that would be of any interest to you. A sea-voyage is usually very monotonous; and, situated as dear Rogers and myself were, ours was uncommonly so. We saw quantities of "mother Carey's chickens," spouting whales, tumbling porpoises, and winged flying-fishes. Now and then we saw (and it is always a pleasant sight at sea) a sail in the distance, but did not speak any, except in a single instance. We were surrounded by a dense fog for several days, which impeded our progress, and made it dangerous to run at full speed: it hindered us at least one day on the passage. The weather was generally very fine: only for about forty-eight hours did the wind blow a gale against us. The Acadia is a fine sea-boat, and worthy of much commendation. There was a circumstance that took place on board, of a melancholy nature. The third officer of the ship, who was quite unwell when he came on board, died on the passage, and was thrown overboard the day before we arrived at Halifax. The captain read church service over him, in the presence of the crew and passengers, before committing him to the deep. It was a novel and solemn scene — the presentation of death in a new and peculiar form.

When within one hour's sail of Halifax, we were detained by a fog for nearly twelve hours! On going up the harbor, all the inhabitants turned out to receive us, and with their cheers to make the welkin ring. Halifax is beautifully situated, and reminded me very forcibly of the place of my nativity — Newburyport. Although we took the "Bostonians" by surprise, they nevertheless rushed to the wharves by thousands, and gave the Acadia a grand reception. It was one of the most thrilling scenes I ever witnessed; and as it was the termination of my voyage, I could not help weeping like a child for joy. Never did home before look so lovely.

On Sunday at Boston, we were warmly received by a deputation of our white and colored anti-slavery friends, from whom I received the pleasing intelligence, that my dear wife and children were all well. These I soon embraced in my arms, gratefully returning thanks to God for all his kindness manifested to us during our separation. I need not attempt to describe the scene.

August 31
1840

Elizabeth Pease,
Darlington,
England.

Our refusal to join the London Convention is warmly applauded by the tried and true-hearted abolitionists of this country. The London Committee will hear from them shortly.

I suppose this will find you at your own delightful residence in Darlington. Though it is not worth answering, I will cherish the hope of hearing from you, in reply, without delay. I have mentioned your kindness to the excluded delegates to Mrs. Chapman and other friends, and they all appreciate it highly. Wish to be affectionately remembered to your father and brother, and all inquiring friends. I remain, Your grateful friend, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.